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The Daily

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ILLUSTRATED

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TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE KING AND QUEEN LEFT FOR IRELAND YESTERDAY.



THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN YESTERDAY BY A "MIRROR" PHOTOGRAPHER AS THEIR MAJESTIES LEFT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

KING'S IRISH VISIT.

Their Majesties Make a Brilliant Departure for Dublin.

Thousands of enthusiastic Londoners assembled yesterday to give the King and Queen a hearty send-off on their journey to Ireland. Their departure from Buckingham Palace, shortly after noon, was a brilliant sight, the gay sunshine lending gaiety to the scene. Leaving the Palace

in an open landau, with outriders, escorted by a troop of Life Guards, and attended by a large suite, their Majesties, who were accompanied by Princess Victoria, were cordially cheered.

The King wore naval uniform, while the Queen and Princess Victoria were in mourning, but it was noticed that her Majesty wore a bunch of her favourite picotees. The route to Euston Station was lined with people, who all respectfully greeted the royal party, and as the glittering procession approached the station a roar of welcome rose from the dense crowds which had gathered, the cheering

being taken up by the people inside as their Majesties entered the station.

Intertwined with the national colours Irish green was the dominant feature of the profuse and pretty decorations on the departure platform, and the royal train itself had been transformed into a bower of bright spring flowers.

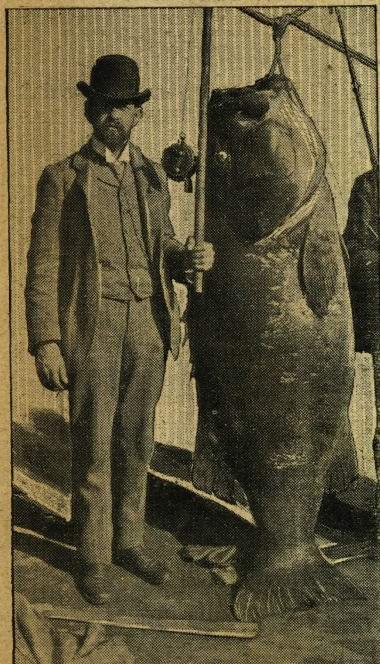
Both the King and Queen looked well, and in excellent spirits. The King chatted gaily with Lord Stalbridge as they walked towards the royal train. When the door of the saloon was reached the Queen was presented with a beautiful bouquet of pink roses, and shortly

afterwards the royal party entered the saloon. As the train moved off, shortly before one o'clock, loud cheers were given by the assembled spectators, which were smilingly acknowledged by their Majesties.

As a proof of his Majesty's thoughtfulness and consideration he persuaded Lord Knollys, who was anxious to accompany the King, but is suffering from a slight cold, to remain in London.

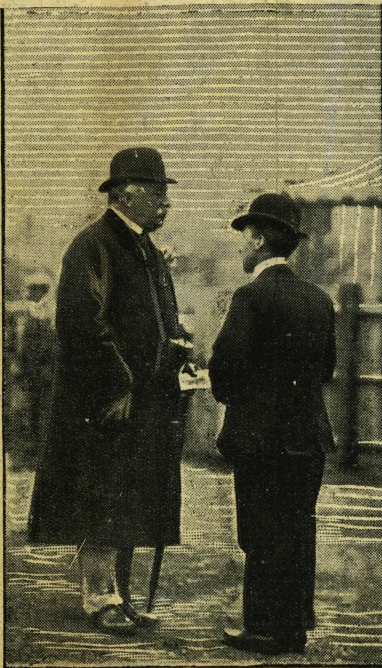
Portraits of the King and Queen, as well as the Duke of Connaught, with whom their Majesties will dine to-morrow night, appear on pages 6 and 7.

A RECORD CATCH.



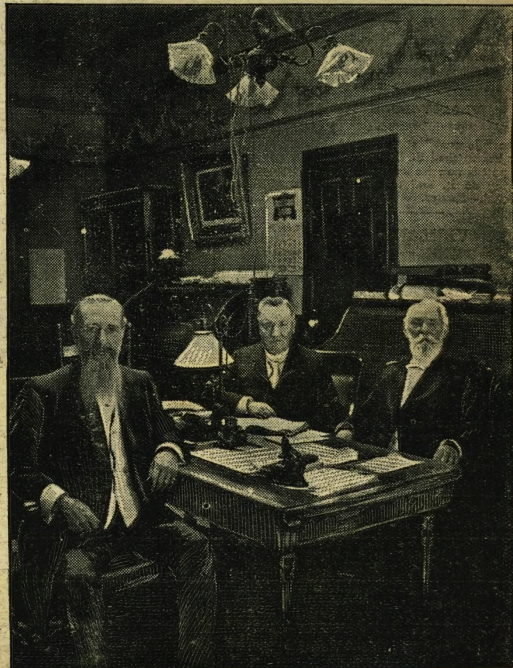
This gigantic sea bass was caught from the Long Beach Pier, in Atlantic City, U.S.A. It weighed 335lb, and is said to be a record. (Photograph by an American "Mirror" correspondent.)

OWNER OF ST. AMANT.



Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, photographed at Newmarket. He is the owner of St. Amant, the favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas, which will be run at Newmarket to-morrow. (Special "Mirror" photograph.)

MORMON CONFERENCE TO CONVERT ENGLAND.



This conference of three Mormon leaders in Salt Lake City decided to attempt the conversion of England. To the left of the picture is President Joseph F. Smith. Councillor A. H. Lund is in the centre, and Councillor J. R. Winder to the right. (Stereo-graph copyright by Underwood and Underwood.)

words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Cool and gusty north-westerly breezes; fair generally; cloudy at times.
Lighting-up time: 8.13 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate in the English Channel; rather rough in the North Sea and Irish Channel.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

King Edward and his Queen left London yesterday for Ireland. At Euston Station their Majesties, who had driven from Buckingham Palace, were accorded an enthusiastic send-off. The royal party reached Holyhead last evening. (Pages 1 and 2.)

Following a report that Vladivostok harbour is free from ice, comes news that the Russian squadron, which has remained inactive there for over two months, has descended into Gensan Bay and sunk a Japanese merchantman. An attempt by two Japanese, disguised as Chinese beggars, to assassinate General Kuropatkin, is reported from Newchwang. (Page 2.)

M. Loubet's Italian tour has been very successful. Yesterday the President spent a busy day in Rome. (Page 2.)

The signature of the Anglo-Chinese Treaty concerning the conditions for Chinese labour in the Rand now only awaits telegraphic permission from Pekin. (Page 2.)

Mr. Chamberlain, in a statement concerning Chinese labour in South Africa, says that the question is one for those in the two Colonies. If desired by the majority of white inhabitants of the two Colonies the Imperial Government should offer no objection. (Page 2.)

On the second reading of the Aliens Bill in the Commons Sir Charles Dilke moved an amendment. This was discussed at length. Major Evans Gordon, in a telling speech, pointed out the alien evil in East London. (Page 2.)

Replying to a question in the Commons yesterday, the Home Secretary stated the authorities were considering the use made of Hyde Park by habitual vagrants, with a view to some remedy being provided. (Page 3.)

The first meeting of the Royal Commission on the alleged disorders in the Church is to take place on Thursday. (Page 3.)

Two gentlemen offering themselves at Bow-street as bail for Henry Scott, or Slater, proprietor of the detective agency, were accepted. Earlier in the day George Henry, the manager, was charged and remanded, bail being allowed. (Page 5.)

Capt. George Fitzroy Day, an officer in the Dorsetshire Regiment, yesterday petitioned for a divorce on the ground of his wife's misconduct. Sir F. Jeune, after hearing evidence in support, granted a decree nisi. (Page 5.)

When Madam Clara Davies, a well-known professional singer, was charged at North London with drunkenness the magistrate made an order for her return to the reformatory from which she was lately liberated after ten months' detention. (Page 5.)

The fifteen-year-old boy, Frank Rodgers, charged with the murder of his mother at Mel-dreth, was yesterday committed for trial. An astounding story was unfolded by the counsel for the prosecution. Prisoner suggested he was prompted by visions to commit the act. (Page 5.)

One result of the fine weather has been an increase in the number of street meetings. Two of the London magistrates yesterday dealt with persons who in this way had caused an obstruction. (Page 10.)

Various recommendations respecting physical exercises for school children are contained in a report issued last night by the Inter-Departmental Committee. (Page 2.)

At the Old Bailey Edwin Gordon Macrae Scott, ex-Army captain, was indicted for obtaining £5,000 by false pretences. Counsel for the prosecution unfolded an extraordinary story of a will under which prisoner claimed he was to benefit. (Page 5.)

Mr. W. Spiller, a well-known professional billiard player, died yesterday at Cape Town. (Page 11.)

Medical men incline to the theory that the character of an individual is changed by illness or by surgery. Details of two cases bearing out this view are given. (Page 10.)

Hanworth, near Hounslow, has been the scene of a tragic affair. A trooper of the Horse Guards went to the residence of his former sweetheart's father and stabbed him with a dagger. He then attempted suicide by cutting his throat. (Page 3.)

There is at Bingham, near Nottingham, a postman who is computed to have walked 258,000 miles. He is now retiring on a pension. (Page 4.)

After entering two churches at Northampton, a burglar paraded too freely of sacramental wine, and had to be carried to the police station. (Page 4.)

Exciting scenes occurred at a Clapham fire, inmates of the house escaping with great difficulty. One woman was unconscious when rescued by the firemen. (Page 4.)

Mr. H. H. Hawthorne, who became aware of the fact that he was entitled to a fortune through reading the *Mirror*, tells his story. (Page 3.)

Smallpox is increasing in London, the number of cases under treatment now totalling 143. (Page 4.)

Three boy burglars, whose ages ranged from twelve to fifteen, for entering a shop in Custom House were, at West Ham, sentenced to short terms of imprisonment. (Page 4.)

Home Rails maintained their firmness on 'Change yesterday. Gill-edged stocks were not so good, and there was less doing in the American market. Foreigners were unsettled all day, and closed dull. (Page 10.)

HEIR TO £1,000,000.

Reader Finds a Fortune Through the "*Mirror*."

HIS ROMANTIC STORY.

There called at the office of the *Mirror* yesterday Hamlet Henry Hawthorne, who had a story to tell that contained all the elements of romance—and a very rare romance indeed. "Hamlet" is in his sixty-ninth year, an old gentleman of the quietest manner, who told his tale without the semblance of deliberation. He did not appear to care whether his story were credited, discredited, or scrutinised. No searching questions shook "Hamlet's" faith in himself.

He brought a copy of the *Mirror* with him, and pointed to a picture of himself and a short sketch of his case which appeared on the 21st inst. There was no mistaking the identity of the portrait and the man, who corroborated the statement that he saved the life of a lady, Mrs. Josephine Kelat, in the English Channel near Dover fifty-two years ago. That lady died last year and left her rescuer all her fortune, consisting of estates in Paris, India, and Australia, amounting to about a million pounds, but Mr. Hawthorne had not been traced till the *Mirror* called his attention to himself.

Fateful Holiday.

His story is best told in "Hamlet's" own graphic way. "I was born at St. George's-in-the-East," he said, "and after a while went with my father, a pensioner in the East India Company, to live at Canterbury. When fifteen years old my family removed to America, and three years later I returned to England—partly to recover my health. While living with some friends at Canterbury I went to Dover in the June of 1852 for a holiday at the seaside.

"Being a good swimmer I ventured in a rather choppy sea. While a good way out I saw a boat in trouble with two people in it. Hearing screams I swam towards the boat, and saw clinging to the side of it a lady, who was calling out, 'Oh, my boy, my boy!'

"I told her I had not seen the lad, and tried to lift her into the boat, but her garments being saturated with water she was too heavy to lift. I was only a youth of eighteen. Finally I got into the boat, secured the sail, and fastened a rope round the lady's waist. Four hours passed before I got her into the boat, and then it was my doing. A great under-wave practically lifted us both in."

When brought safely ashore the rescued lady's grief at the loss of her boy did not so overwhelm her as to forget her deliverer, whom she soon traced the next day.

Grateful Widow.

"I told her," Mr. Hawthorne continued, charging his memory to be accurate at this distance of years, "that I was going to London to look for work."

At this a warm glow came over the grateful heart of Mrs. Josephine Kelat towards the youth who had saved her life.

"You have no need to work," she said. "You shall have carriages to ride in and servants to wait upon you. Now that my boy is lost to me I cannot spend one-teneth of my fortune."

"Nor can I eat the bread that belongs to somebody else," replied her gallant rescuer, recalling the incident yesterday fifty years after. Then, as he looked at the beautiful widow, whose hair, he said, was turned (friends told him so) from raven blackness to snowy whiteness during that terrible battle with the storm, young "Hamlet" fell in love with her.

"I will," he said, "take all you care to give me. But only on one condition."

"Name that condition," said the grateful Mrs. Kelat.

"Well, I will take your wealth with you; or you without your wealth; but I will not take your wealth without you. Will you marry me?"

The proposal deeply grieved Mrs. Kelat, who loved the youth. But she had vowed to her deceased husband, at his desire, not to marry again.

Sturdy Independence.

"Oh, Hamlet, you are a dreamer," she said, "not to take the money I offer you."

But his motives were not monetary, and so he returned to Canterbury, and soon afterwards the restoration of his health. Mrs. Kelat then produced a pile of notes from another room, and asked him to take the lot; but he would only consent to borrow £100, giving her an I.O.U.

"I paid it all back," he said, "the last instalment while I was employed on a stall at the World's Fair, in Chicago."

"We never met again," said Hamlet sorrowfully. Taking a signet ring off his finger, he said, "She gave me that in 1855. It belonged to her father. It bears the emblem of Freemasonry. I am a Mason."

A Lucky Heir.

Since the death of Mrs. Kelat the deceased's executor, Mr. Seymour, has been chasing over many lands in quest of Hamlet Henry Hawthorne, whom he might have met in the *Mirror* office yesterday. But meantime Mr. Seymour is in Fremantle, Australia, and he will probably receive a cable from the man to whom Mrs. Josephine Kelat is stated to have left all her property, valued at a million sterling.

"Hamlet" is very patient, biding his time, and trusting his luck.

"GAGS" ON THE STAGE.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh Thinks Censorship an Absurdity.

Yesterday in an interview with a representative of the *Mirror* Mr. Cecil Raleigh characterised "as absurd and ridiculous the new order of the Lord Chamberlain to prohibit gagging. A gag is an unauthorised line, generally a joke, and a momentary inspiration on the part of one of the players," said Mr. Raleigh.

"These rarely, if ever, occur in serious plays, and yet it would be very difficult to point to a play where one has not been introduced and frequently retained by the author."

"But the lighter plays, such as farcical comedies and pantomimes, the comedians are expected to work up their parts. They are paid large salaries for their abilities in this direction."

Commercial Asset.

"In fact the patter of a Dan Leno is a commercial asset."

"It is, of course, a well-known fact that when a Drury Lane pantomime has got well under way the patter of the principals is taken down in shorthand and then made an inherent part of the pantomime, and is respooken in America and the provinces wherever the show is reproduced. Mr. Raleigh thinks it "an impossibility for the chatter that is elaborated and improvised each night by clever players to be submitted to any authority before it is spoken."

"How is the Lord Chamberlain to be represented at every theatre in the United Kingdom to see that the new rule is obeyed?"

"And, after all, what are the wheezes which are treated with so much seriousness? A local joke about a football match, or about a race, or possibly an allusion to politics or the peculiarities of foreign potentates. Is that really the secret, I wonder?"

Conservative Prejudice.

"Does the German Emperor dread the satire of George Robey? Is there some subtle allusion to conservative prejudice in his celebrated song, 'The Prehistoric Man?' I will just say to you this one word. The music-hall artists of to-day are talking very loudly about accepting the finding of the Royal Commission of 1892 as the solution of the present difficulties between the theatres and the music-halls. I would beg them to remember, among other things, that this Commission held that the authority of the Lord Chamberlain should be extended over all places of public entertainment. How will they like the new regulation about gags?"

Origin of Censorship.

There is only one remedy for all these questions, it is to abolish the censorship all round. Mr. Raleigh explained that the Lord Chamberlain's censorship of plays was established by Walpole, who feared the power of the dramatist to spread political propaganda. "Lord Chamberlain since that time had arrogated to themselves powers which they had no business to possess."

200 MILES OF LOCUSTS.

Egypt Invaded by a Swarm of Devastating Insects.

Since locusts plagued Pharaoh's Court, the East has never ceased to be plagued by periodical visitations of these scourges.

At the present time the locust plague in Egypt, as we stated yesterday, is causing so much uneasiness that the Government has decided to call out the corvée, or system of forced labour, to deal with it.

Mr. Kirby, of the Natural History Museum, informed a *Mirror* representative that the first approach of locusts is in small numbers, but that when they reach cultivated ground they multiply with appalling rapidity. "The young locusts," he said, "get over the ground by means of hops rapidly repeated. They travel in masses miles in extent, and sometimes many feet deep, and the pace they get up of every green thing is almost incredible. At this stage they are destroyed by digging deep trenches, between which and the swarm are lit huge bonfires. Those that escape the fire fall into the pits and are easily dispatched. Another way is to erect barriers of canvas, with pits dug at intervals at right-angles to them. The locusts, in their efforts to get over or go round the barrier, fall into the pits or are shaken off the canvas into them, where they are killed. When 'fledged' they are not so easy to get rid of. One method is to explode bombs filled with noxious vapours under the flight."

The extent of the swarm is often almost incredible. One passing fifteen years ago was estimated to be 200 square miles in extent. A swarm like this, suddenly darkening the sun, will clear off all vegetable food that can be eaten in a very short time.

Plague, as well as famine, often follows a visitation. The locust is really nothing more than an exaggerated grasshopper.

LORD CHARLES ON A MUD BANK.

PALMA (Majorca), Monday.

It transpires that there was considerable misconception regarding the case of the non-appearance of Lord Charles Beresford in the procession on the occasion of King Alfonso's visit here.

The Vice-Admiral was delayed owing to his barge grounding on the mud, and he was consequently too late for the procession. There is no ground for the suggestion of any friction having occurred.—Reuter.

BULLDOG A LUCKY OMEN.

VIENNA, Monday.

Great interest is being taken in a dog show to be held on May 22 and 23. The first entry received was that of an English bulldog, which is held to be a sign of good luck.

KAISER'S 1,000TH STAG.

BERLIN, Monday.

On the Schorpeheide, near Zehdenick, a stone has been set up to commemorate the shooting of his thousandth stag by his Imperial Majesty William II.

PARK PESTS.

Authorities Are Considering Ways of Dealing with Them.

The question of the undesirable vagrants who infest London parks—a question which has been ventilated in the *Mirror* recently—was brought up in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Coghill asked the Home Secretary whether he intended to propose any legislation this session for giving the police further powers than they now possess for dealing with the vagrants in Hyde Park.

The Home Secretary replied the authorities are considering the use made of Hyde Park by habitual vagrants, with a view to providing some remedy.

BAIL FOR MR. SLATER.

Story of His Manager's Arrest at Southend.

Late yesterday afternoon two gentlemen offered themselves at Bow-street as sureties for the appearance of Henry Scott, or Slater, the proprietor of Slater's Agency, and were accepted, one in the sum of £4,000 and the other in £2,000. The party subsequently drove to Brixton Prison, Mr. Slater being released on the completion of the necessary formalities.

George Henry, the manager of Slater's Agency, was, earlier in the day, remanded charged with conspiring with others to pervert the course of justice in the recent Pollard divorce suit.

Evidence of arrest only was given, and then Mr. Campbell appeared for bail. He said accused was on his way home on Saturday when he saw two police officers at Southend and asked them if they were looking for him. They, in return, wanted to know his name, and he gave it them at once. Henry, said counsel, was merely the manager. It was obvious from the nature of the proceedings that some time must elapse before a conclusion would be reached.

The magistrate fixed bail at £1,000, and accused was accordingly remanded until Saturday.

CRIME OF PASSION.

Cavalry Trooper's Attack Upon His Sweetheart's Father.

A love romance has ended tragically at the little village of Hanworth, a mile and a half from Hounslow. A trooper of the Horse Guards went to the house of his former sweetheart, Miss Benn, stabbed the girl's father, a retired builder, who had refused him admittance, and afterwards attempted suicide.

The girl made the acquaintance of the trooper at Windsor, where she was at work. When the regiment returned to London she followed her lover, but their relations were afterwards broken off.

After the family had retired to rest she heard a knock, and, believing it to be her former sweetheart, refused to open the door. Her father, however, went down and opened the door.

He refused the man admittance, and it is alleged, the visitor drew a dagger and stabbed him in the breast.

The man then fled, but was found in the morning in a ditch by the powder mills on the River Colne. There was a wound in his throat and a razor was by his side.

He was taken to Twickenham Hospital, and is likely to recover. The girl's father is in an extremely critical condition.

SUCCESSFUL CHARITY CONCERT.

Mrs. Kendal was the chief attraction at the concert given yesterday afternoon at Lowther Lodge, Kensington Gore, in aid of the poor in the parish of Holy Trinity, Stepney.

The programme was an interesting and varied one, including Mr. Rutland Barrington, Lady Sybil Smith, and Mr. H. B. Irving.

The audience included Lady Aberdare, Lady Poulett and Lady Violet Poulett, Lady Fane, Mr. and Mrs. Lowther, and many more, so the very deserving charity must have benefited to a large extent.

RITUAL COMMISSION AT WORK.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has summoned his colleagues on the Royal Commission on the alleged disorders in the Church to hold their first meeting on Thursday next.

This meeting, at which arrangements will be made for taking evidence at future sittings, will be held at the Church House, but it is probable that the next and subsequent sittings of the Commission will be at the Royal Commissions House in Old Palace-yard.

ARTISTS' DEATH SENTENCE.

PARIS, Monday Night.

A telegram from Berlin states that two artists, Eugen Schwartz and Richter Jendensdorf, have committed suicide because their pictures were refused by the hanging committee of the forthcoming exhibition.

Both painters were well known, and, curiously enough, both were forty-five years of age.

NOT SMART ENOUGH TO LIVE.

BADEN, Monday.

A maid-servant at Mulheim became depressed because her lover had refused to walk out with her unless she could dress herself more smartly.

She poured spirits of wine and petrolum over her head, and, applying a match, was so shockingly burnt that her remains were unrecognisable.

ENGLISH GIRLS ABROAD.

VIENNA, Monday.

The Princess of Wales, during her visit to Vienna, greatly endeared herself to the English colony.

She won every heart by sending for Miss Bailly, the superintendess of the Vienna Home, and making the most minute inquiries as to the welfare of English girls in Vienna. Her Royal Highness also made a handsome donation to the Home.

At Covent Garden the opera season will open with Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" on Monday evening next.

When Catherine Bray was fined 10s. and costs for drunkenness at Wigan it was stated that she had appeared 131 times in the Liverpool courts.

Boys under eighteen in the Royal Navy can be birched but not flogged, and it was stated yesterday in the Commons that it is not proposed to alter the rule.

Seeing a man hiding in the cellar of a house in Leeds two boys who had bulldozed with them set the dogs to watch the hole, and they kept the man there until the police arrived.

"Sunday school discipline is lamentably defective, and teachers ought to approximate a little more to the methods of day schools," said Canon Rountree, speaking at a meeting of the Sunday School Union in Stretford.

4,977 MOTORS IN LONDON.

From March 23 to April 20, 1904, the clerk of the L.C.C. has registered 261 motor-cars and 294 motorcycles, making the total number of cars and cycles registered 2,914 and 2,063 respectively.

DROWNED IN A WATER CASK.

Walter Davies, a Garnat collier, made a ghastly discovery in his back garden. Missing his wife and child from the bed in which they had been sleeping, he searched and found them both drowned in a water cask at the back of the house. No explanation is at present forthcoming.

SMALL-POX AS A "BLESSING."

Rates in Gwylfai, said the clerk of the council, would be 20 per cent. less this year than last, although parish expenses had been heavier. The council last year had received large sums from other authorities for the use of their small-pox hospital. Mr. H. Parry: Then small-pox proved a blessing to our ratepayers.—(Laughter.)

TAKING FOLKS' SUNDAY CLOTHES.

Pawnbrokers interested in cases at Stratford Police Court failed to appear yesterday. "They say they are too busy on Monday morning," explained a detective. In the poorer districts all the pawnbrokers are busy taking back Sunday clothes which have been taken out on Saturday night.

"BISLEY" AT OLYMPIA.

The National Rifle Association and the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs have jointly secured a week's tenancy of Olympia for a "Miniature Bisley Rifle Meeting." Yesterday a small army of riflemen from all parts of the country gathered there.

Prizes are offered for both daily results and the aggregate for the week, while there are also several silver cups for competition. There are two ranges, twenty yards and fifty yards respectively.

DETERMINED TO DIE.

An exciting struggle preceded the sad suicide of a young lady at Hove, who threw herself from her bedroom window and fell on to a mass of bricks nearly 40 ft. below. She was Miss Winifred Tritton, and resided with her father at Lansdowne-place. She had been depressed through not having received letters from a gentleman friend, and a nurse was engaged to attend her. Miss Tritton became excited and threw a basin of water over the nurse, then struggled with her, pushed her out of the room, locked the door, and immediately sprang from the window.

WINDY!

The Poet Laureate has a contribution called "The Wind Speaks" in the May "Fortnightly Review." Here are some specimen stanzas:—

The flocks of the wandering waves I hold
In the hollow of my hand,
And I let them loose like a huddled fold,
And with them I flood the land;
Till they swirl round villages, hamlets, thorpes,
As the cottagers flee for life:
Then I fling the fishermen's flaccid corpse
At the feet of the fisherman's wife.

O, where is there music like to mine,
When I waver my breath and fall
Through the organ pipes of the mountain pine,
Till they fill and affright the soul.

There are twenty-seven verses altogether.

WALKED 258,000 MILES.

William Draper, of Bingham, near Nottingham, has for forty-six years been employed by the Post Office.

During a period of twenty-eight years his daily round, which included several neighbouring villages, was nineteen miles; while for a further fifteen years it was sixteen miles per day. Draper has thus walked close upon 258,000 miles.

Owing to his advanced years he has reached the age limit, and retires on April 30. During twenty-eight years he was absent from duty on but two occasions, and never received sick pay.

ATTACKED THE RUSSIANS ALONE.

By the death of Col. Molesworth Cole Acton, at Torquay, an interesting Crimean veteran has passed away. It was during the battle of Inkerman that the gallant soldier, then a lieutenant in the 77th Regiment, gave proof of his sterling courage.

He had been ordered to take three companies and drive off, or capture, a Russian battery, but both officers and men hesitated to advance; believing their force too small. Nothing daunted, Lieut. Acton said: "Then I'll go alone." He had actually advanced about seventy yards, when gradually one man after another joined him, and very soon the three companies were marching straight for the battery. The Russians gave way on seeing them, and Lieut. Acton returned triumphant.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Although she had only given him food, the landlady of a Halifax public-house was fined for permitting a drunken man to be on her premises.

At the Zoo there can now be seen a potted, which owing to its rarity and delicate constitution is seldom exhibited in this country. It is a kind of lemur from West Africa.

Owing to the increased rate of interest on loans due to the London County Council the Camberwell Borough Council will raise the rents of their workmen's flats sixpence a week.

Through falling from a wall only eighteen inches high on which he was sitting, Mr. Farrier, of Dartmouth, broke his neck. He was eighty-three years of age.

BEGGARS' BAD BLUNDER.

Three begging youths, with the usual professional whine, approached a gentleman, who appeared to be taking the air at Highgate. Unfortunately for them he was Police-sergeant Brasier, in plain clothes, and he promptly took them into custody.

They were said to be the pests of Crouch End, and were sent to prison—one for a month's hard labour, and the other two for fourteen days' each.

L.C.C. MAKES PEOPLE POLITE.

In a case of a man who was fined yesterday for putting his feet on the seat of a tram, and abusing the conductor, the Worship-street magistrate said that the L.C.C. were keeping a sharp eye on the social amenities of public life.

ANTICIPATED BY HERBERT SPENCER.

The Thames Conservancy decided yesterday to ask the Board of Trade to conduct a public inquiry into the proposed Thames barrage scheme, as if the Conservancy themselves insisted it would be so expensive. It was pointed out that Herbert Spencer had suggested a similar scheme fifty years ago.

OFFERS OF £219,290,350.

In response to the London County Council loan of five millions requisitions were sent in for stock to the nominal value of £219,290,350, nearly forty-four times the amount required.

The number of separate applications was 7,764. In allotment, preference was given to small investors.

HYMN BEFORE SUICIDE.

A waiter at Brooks' Club, St. James's, stated that he had been awakened at night by hearing George Mallett, another waiter, singing a hymn and praying. The following day Mallett was found lying dead in a lavatory at the club, with a bullet wound in his head and a revolver in his hand. In his pocket was a letter asking his father to distribute his savings.

At the inquest held at Westminster yesterday the usual verdict was returned.

UNHAPPY FIRST APPEARANCE.

After his two years' absence from the London stage, Mr. Edward Terry will receive a hearty welcome from his many admirers when he makes his first appearance in "The House of Burnside" on Thursday. Mr. Terry has not very happy memories of his first appearance. It was at Christchurch, Hants, and he was to play Miles in "The Colleen Bawn."

He had only about half an hour in which to study the part, nearly broke his neck in diving in the cave scene, got sworn at by the leading gentleman of the company, and received 1s. 6d. for his salary.

RAILWAY CARRIAGE AS LAW COURT.

For the first time a railway carriage has been used as a law court. During the hearing of a case in the Mold County Court, the Judge and the two opposing counsel intimated a desire to catch the next train to Chester.

Consequently his honour decided to continue the hearing in the railway carriage. Both counsel (Mr. S. Moss, M.P., and Mr. Ellis Griffiths, M.P.) addressed the "Court" before the termination of the journey. His honour reserved judgment.

NOVELTY IN TEA ROOMS.

The various rooms in "Mackenzie's," the smart tea shop just opened at 20, New Bond-street, are each of them furnished in the style of a different period. The "red room" on the ground floor is in the style of Louis Seize; the "blue room" on the first floor is in the style of Louis Quinze; while the "green room" above that is in sixteenth century English style. The orchestra will discourse sweet music from a hidden apartment, the sound permeating each room through holes in the walls and floors.

Though a tea room, this establishment makes a speciality of dinners, and, in spite of its elegance, its prices are moderate.

VICAR AS LABOURER.

The Bishop of Leicester has just reopened a church in Leicestershire which the vicar, after two and a half years' hard work, has restored with his own hands. Day by day the Rev. J. G. Bailey has adopted the dress and done the work of an artisan, and all the time he has been preaching as usual to his parish.

The plucky clergyman has raised floors, involving the use of over sixty tons of ballast and concrete. He has had the lead lights in eleven tracery windows, fitted the internal woodwork, including the internal circular vaulting, internal roof with moulded ribs and carved and moulded cornices, 66 ft. long. He did the carving and decoration of the oak bosses, and painted and decorated the chancel roof in gold and colours. Further, he rebuilt and renovated the organ in a new loft, and did a score of other things.

The labours of the vicar reduced the cost of the restoration to £1,430, and only a small balance remains to be raised.

Among members of the Carlton Club, it is stated, there is a movement on foot to suggest the removal of the Unionist Free Traders.

Mr. Edward Jeal, head booking-clerk at Hastings South-Eastern Station, will retire this week after forty-seven years' service. Mr. Jeal calculates that he has taken over £1,000,000 in fares.

"They are angels in the witness-box, but something else at home on Saturday nights," said a Morecambe butcher, referring to two women for assaulting whom he was fined forty shillings.

Household furniture and works of art that belonged to the late Duke of Cambridge will be sold by auction at the residence, Gloucester House, on June 2 and following days.

MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

At Orford the nude body of a man has been found in the Gulls. There is little hope of identification, and no evidence as to how the man got into the water, where his body has apparently been for some weeks.

PALATIAL PARISH INFIRMARY.

Leytonstone's new infirmary, which by local ratepayers is sometimes called "that palatial residence," will absorb £250,000, the sum voted by the guardians for both erection and administration.

SMALLPOX INCREASING IN LONDON.

The number of smallpox patients under treatment in the institutions of the Metropolitan Asylums Board has more than doubled within the past month.

There are now 143 such patients in the Joyce Green Hospital and at the South Wharf Shelter, Rotherhithe, which number compares with 66 on March 18 last.

GOODS ON APPROVAL.

Mr. Justice Wright, in reference to the failure of William Watson and Co., of Waterloo-place, decided yesterday that goods held "on approval" for manufacturers were in the reputed ownership of the bankrupt, and became vested in the trustee.

This is an important decision for the many firms in the habit of sending out goods on approbation.

TOO LATE TO GO HOME.

"It is too late to go home," said Prudence Micklethwaite, a sixteen-year-old Huddersfield servant, who had stayed out late with another girl. Giving her rings and gloves to her companion she declared that she was going to drown herself, and succeeded in doing so before help could be got.

SIGNALMAN'S TERRIBLE DILEMMA.

A signalman in his box near Wollaston, Northamptonshire, saw Mr. T. A. Nutt, a prominent resident of the district, deliberately walk down to the river and jump in. To leave the post of duty at that moment the signalman might have sacrificed many lives. He raised an alarm, but too late for the man's life to be saved.

ANOTHER MOTOR RECORD.

Mr. Cecil Edge's attempt to establish a record of 2,000 miles for a non-stop motor-car run is progressing favourably. Mr. Edge proposes to travel from Burlington-street to Piccadilly-circus by way of Land's End, John o' Groat's, and Brighton.

The 15-h.p. Napier touring car with its party of three passengers reached Warrington at half-past seven yesterday morning after a capital run from London to Land's End on Sunday.

Lanark was reached yesterday evening, and it was expected that John o' Groat's would be reached early this morning.

FIREMEN'S HORSES MUST HUSTLE.

Capt. Hamilton, the chief officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, has issued the following to the brigade:—"I have noticed that when turning out at many stations the movements of the horses are very slow. Instructions are to be given that horses are to be trained so as to come up to the appliances smartly. I desire that later on the horses shall go to the machines without being led."

BOY BURGLARS IMPRISONED.

In the middle of the night Mr. Arthur Vaughan, a shop-keeper at Baxter-road, Custom House, was awakened by the sound of breaking glass. Going downstairs he saw that his front window had been smashed, and some clothing and socks were missing. Rushing out he saw three boys running away.

The three lads, who proved to be William Henry Goodman, fifteen, a polisher, Victor Augustus Smart, fourteen, an errand-boy, and Charles Ernest Smart, twelve, a schoolboy, all of Canning Town, were caught. At West Ham yesterday Goodman was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment, and Victor Smart to seven days, while Charles was ordered to an industrial school.

ROOKS BEAT THE OWL.

On looking into a rooks' nest, what was my surprise to find two eggs of the brown owl snugly ensconced at the bottom, says a writer in the "Field." It was a new nest, not fully lined, from which apparently the owls had ousted the ruffians.

Passing that way a fortnight later, I looked up for the rooks' nest, but could not see it. Carefully identifying the tree, I made sure that it had really gone, and then, searching the ground beneath, found out the reason of its disappearance. Not a stick, leaf, or a bit of dead grass remained, but three broken egg-shells, two of which had contained young birds, attested the indignation of the rooks and the effectual way in which they had expelled the intruders.

Army reform with a vengeance! It is rumored that officers in the Guards are to have blue coats instead of red.

Frederick Bower, who was charged at Bradford with burglary, was traced, the police said, by finger prints he left on a box.

Reading a newspaper while crossing the road is a dangerous practice. A young man named Bolton who did so was yesterday run over by an omnibus in London-road, and removed to Guy's Hospital.

The failure of "The Love Birds" at the Savoy is stated to have cost the son of a rich City man over £12,000. The speculation was the most expensive of such fiascos for a long time past.

One thousand four hundred and thirty applications have been registered by the Bethnal Green Employment Bureau, but the movement has now collapsed through lack of assistance from employers of labour.

FLOWERS KNOW THEIR COUNTIES.

The oxlip is a curiously local flower. Essex is the county which it most affects, and it is said that there are places where it grows almost up to the border of Hertfordshire, but will not cross it. In the same way, says the "County Gentleman," the cowslip was formerly not known in Devon. But lately it has crossed the little River Yarty, which divides the cream county from Somerset.

"SILVER KING" HEAVILY FINED.

A well-known betting man of Manchester, named Dick Seymour, or the Silver King, was at Manchester yesterday fined £50 and costs in one case and £25 and costs in each of two others under the Betting Acts. Thousands of telegrams were found at his office, as well as a bank-book showing a balance of £2,196.

WATERED MILK FOR SUNDAYS.

In rural Derbyshire it might be generally supposed that the milk sold would be of the best, but the report of the county analyst contravenes that idea completely, and a startling feature in the report is the analysis of Sunday morning samples. The percentage of adulteration on Sunday was as much as 31, as against 15.1 on week-days.

UNCOVERED OFFICIAL POSITION.

For some time past the inhabitants have been endeavouring to induce the Postmaster-General to open a post office in Wapping High-street, a district which is lamentably short of postal facilities. Lord Stanley now replies that he has caused several shopkeepers in the locality to be interviewed in order to ascertain whether any suitable person is prepared to accept the position of sub-postmaster. No one, however, will come forward, and so nothing can be done.

CHASED FOR SIX MONTHS.

After a search extending over six months, the police have captured at Burton-on-Trent a man named William M. Lucas, described as a stock-broker and company promoter. He made a dash for liberty as he was being taken to the Burton police station, and an exciting chase by Superintendent Hickling and a detective ensued before Lucas was recaptured and lodged in gaol.

Lucas has been living in good style at leading Burton hotels, and in the intervals of securing support for companies he was floating is said to have become engaged to a local lady, to whom his early marriage was announced. He was arrested under instructions from Bow-street officers.

BURGLAR IN CHURCH.

Two churches at Northampton—St. Peter's and St. James's—were broken into yesterday morning, and the culprit made himself so drunk on sacramental wine that he could not escape. The police found him huddled up in the vestry with offertory boxes, cassocks, and books strewn about the floor, and he was in such a helpless state he had to be carried to the police station. He had not recovered sufficiently to be dealt with by the magistrates by noon. He is said to be Frederick Harvey, an engineer, of Woolwich.

RESCUED BY THE FIREMEN.

From a fire which burnt out a house in the Crescent-road, Clapham, early yesterday morning several people had narrow escapes, and one woman was only saved by the gallantry of the firemen.

When the inmates were aroused they found their escape by the staircase cut off. With the exception of Mrs. Eliza Emma Reeves, however, they succeeded in escaping in their night clothes from the burning house in various ways.

Beating back the flames with a jet from a hydrant, the firemen entered the place, and, after a search, discovered Mrs. Reeves lying unconscious in one of the upper rooms.

They brought her out, amidst the cheers of a big crowd which had assembled.

FOR YOU

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12, 16, and 20 pages Daily.

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MURDER URGED BY VISIONS.

Evidence in the Cambridgeshire Matricide Case Shows the Boy Was Prompted to the Crime by Unearthly Voices.

Frank Rodgers, the fifteen-year-old boy who shot his mother at The Gables, Meldreth, on the night of April 12, was yesterday committed for trial at the Cambridge Summer Assizes.

He was taken from Cambridge Gaol shortly before ten o'clock yesterday morning.

Outside Melbourne Police Court a dozen or so of villagers had collected, but the arrival of the boy passed without any demonstration.

The presiding magistrate, Dr. Balding, took his seat at the head of a full bench, and the boy was

that Queenie, who was six years old, had never been ill-treated by her mother.

"Had you noticed," asked Mr. Low, "any change in Frank's manner during the last month?" "Yes," was the answer, in a decided tone; "he was very quiet and irritable, complained of violent headaches, and for quite six weeks suffered from bleeding at the nose nearly every morning."

Frank was particularly depressed and irritable, said his sister, when his mother was under the influence of drink.

Doctor Octavius Ennion, who was called to The Gables immediately after the tragedy, next gave evidence. He had been medical attendant to Mrs. Rodgers for twelve months, and she was frequently under the influence of drink. He had also attended the boy Frank for violent headaches and nose bleeding, and during the year he had known the lad his growth had been exceptionally rapid.

"I saw Frank immediately after he had shot his mother," continued the doctor. "He made no attempt to escape, and when I saw him three-quarters of an hour later in the parlour of the British Queen he was quietly reading

MISSING MR. BARING.

A Story of Millions Which Fascinated a Captain's Acquaintances.

"If you produced Mr. Baring the case might be over in five minutes," Mr. Justice Darling remarked to the prisoner in the course of the trial at the Old Bailey yesterday of Edwin Gordon MacCrae Short, formerly a captain in the Army. He is charged with obtaining £5,000 by false pretences, and it was after Mr. Muir, who is conducting the prosecution, had unfolded the extraordinary story of the case that the Judge made the above comment.

Early in 1901, Mr. Muir said, the prisoner went to the office of Mr. Kelsey, a Bexhill solicitor, and borrowed various sums from him, mentioning that he had great expectations under the will of "Mr. Baring." When the total of these loans had reached £25 he told Mr. Kelsey that he was related to Mr. Baring, who was immensely wealthy, and that he was to receive £20,000 under his will.

He stated that his Christian name was George, that he had no actual connection with the banking firm, but was a half-brother of Lord Revelstoke, and that he himself was a grand-nephew of Mr. Baring. He then explained to Mr. Kelsey that Mr. Baring withdrew £800,000 from the house of

WIFE'S STRANGE LETTERS.

Accuses Her Husband and Afterwards Confesses Her Own Guilt.

One of those painful divorce cases where a marriage that for many years was a happy one ends in a decree nisi was heard by Sir Francis Jeune yesterday.

Captain George Fitzroy Day, an officer in the Dorsetshire Regiment, married his wife, Alice May Day, in 1889. For ten years they lived on thoroughly affectionate terms, first of all at Plymouth, then at Aldershot, and, finally, at Bangalore, in India.

From Bangalore Mrs. Day returned to England in 1899, it being understood between herself and her husband that he should follow her as soon as possible.

Owing to the war in South Africa, which kept officers in India at their posts, Captain Day was not able to obtain leave for some time. Before starting for home the captain received an affectionate letter from his wife.

Then, to his amazement, almost by the next post he received another letter of quite a different character. In this letter Mrs. Day said that "she had heard of certain things, and could not possibly live with her husband."

When the latter arrived in England he was unable to find out his wife's whereabouts for a whole fortnight.

Reconciliation and Separation.

Eventually he persuaded her to live with him again, after showing her that she was wrong in her ideas about him.

After the reconciliation, Capt. Day and his wife once more returned to India, and they stayed there together until 1900, when there was another quarrel. So once more she came back to England, and the captain also came back in the following year.

He now noticed several ambiguous phrases in his friends' letters to him that aroused his suspicions about his wife, and at last he received an anonymous letter that was outspoken on the matter. This led him to consult a private inquiry agent named Williams, and to authorise that agent to watch his wife, who was living at Southsea.

Saving Trouble and Expense.

Shortly after he had given these instructions the following remarkable communication was sent to him by Mrs. Day: "It having come to my knowledge that you have been making inquiries about me, to save you trouble and expense I offer you information. On September 22 and 23, 1902, I stayed at Haxell's Hotel, in the Strand, with a Mr. Jackson. You will receive confirmation of my confession by making inquiries there."

Inquiries were accordingly made, and a gentleman was found who remembered being introduced to Mrs. Day as "Mrs. Jackson" by Mr. Jackson at Southsea.

A decree nisi was granted.

HER ONLY CHANCE.

Magistrate's Chagrin at a Reformatory's Action.

Madam Clara Davies, a well-known professional singer, was charged at North London Police Court yesterday with drunkenness.

Mr. Fordham said he really was very sorry to see her in that position. Knowing the circumstances in which she was placed he had ordered her detention for two years in the Farnfield Reformatory. The authorities, who knew nothing of these circumstances, had released her after ten months—a great mistake.

He must send her back again, as it was her only chance. It was monstrous that the prisoner should be released at the end of ten months; it was making the Act a farce. Prisoner was remanded.



MR. RODGERS, the boy's father, who, with his brother, the boy's uncle, acted as solicitors for the defence during yesterday's police-court proceedings at Melbourne.—(Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

led into the small railed-in space which served as dock and witness-box and allowed a chair.

As at his first remand, he was dressed in a black reefer suit and wore tan boots. His hair, which had been uncut during his imprisonment, hung low over his brow.

The prosecution was conducted for the Treasury by Mr. Frederick J. Williamson, while Mr. Low, K.C., defended, instructed by the boy's father and uncle, who acted as solicitors for him. Next to Mr. Low sat the chief constable of Cambridgeshire.

The first witness called was Miss Winifred Rodgers, the prisoner's sister.

"Had there been any quarrel between your mother and your brother Frank on the night of the 12th of April?" asked Mr. Williamson.

"No," was the reply. "We had not been talking. My mother was under the influence of drink, and when I left the room she was sitting in the armchair by the fireplace half asleep."

"Queenie is your only sister, is she not?"—"Yes."

"And when he told you he'd shot his mother and that he did it for Queenie's sake, he referred to his sister?"—"Yes," replied the girl.

"When he said that Queenie could not be brought up to lead the life she'd been living for the past few years, what life did he mean?"

"Our lives had been very unhappy," was the

MELDRETH MATRICIDE CASE.



The boy, Frank Rodgers, aged fifteen, who at the instigation of "voices" shot his mother. He was yesterday committed for trial at the Cambridge Assizes.—(Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

a newspaper. He then told me that he was going next term to the Perse School at Cambridge.

"I saw Frank again next day," said the doctor, and then proceeded to recite a statement the boy had made to him.

"He told me that on the night before he went upstairs after supper and while there found the revolver, which he carried downstairs."

"I went into the breakfast-room," the unhappy boy told Dr. Ennion, "and when I saw my mother I felt an impulse to shoot her. I refrained and went out of the room. But the impulse came again, and I went back to the breakfast-room."

"When I got in the room again I heard a voice which said distinctly, 'Do it, and do it quickly.'"

"I do not remember firing or pointing the pistol, but I felt giddy and heard a muffled report. Then I stumbled against the door."

When the doctor had concluded his recital there was a moment of absolute silence in court. The prisoner sat staring vacantly before him, his hands grasping the lapels of his coat.

Then, in further examination, by Mr. Low, Dr. Ennion told that the boy had further stated that for two or three months he had constantly been imagining that his mother was behind him. When he looked over his shoulder he had caught a glimpse of her, then she disappeared.

Family History.

In concluding his evidence, the doctor told the Court that it had come to his knowledge that the boy's uncle on his mother's side was confined in an asylum and died there, and that his mother's father was subject to intemperance.

The eldest brother of the prisoner gave evidence that he was very fond of his mother, and early in January, at great risk to himself, had saved her from being knocked down by a train at Royston Station.

The landlady of the British Queen was the last important witness. To her Frank had gone after the tragedy, carrying Queenie in his arms. "Please take care of her to-night," he asked. "There's been a little upset at home. I have shot mother."

In reply to the magistrate's question as to whether he wished to make any remark, the prisoner rose to his feet and quietly shook his head.

He was committed for trial, and remains in custody till the Cambridge Summer Assizes.

Baring Brothers and thus caused the crisis in the City which was known as "Black Saturday," and which was followed by the failure of Baring Brothers.

Roxy Prospects.

His relative, he said, was ninety-two years of age, was suffering from cancer in the throat, and was quite incapable of altering his will.

The prisoner then spoke to Mr. Kelsey of buying an estate for £16,000, and asked Mr. Kelsey to obtain for him a sum of £4,000.

He also represented that his wife was connected with the Soltykoffs, Russians who had amassed a fortune in Australia.

Mr. Kelsey introduced the prisoner to Mr. Johnson, another solicitor, and finally to Mr. Baring, who became a guarantor to Lloyds Bank for a sum of £5,000, which the accused, through Mr. Baring's secretary, was entitled to draw upon.

The prisoner drew out £3,982, and in June last year he failed, when it was found that the whole story about Mr. Baring and others was a myth.

"It will be found," continued Mr. Muir, "that the Baring story did duty for a similar purpose ten years ago, so that Mr. Baring, as was said of King Charles, is a long time dying."

"At the time the prisoner obtained these sums he was absolutely insolvent, and no one of the name of Baring ever lived at the house in Warren-square, Hastings, pointed out by the prisoner.

Lord Revelstoke was called, and denied that the prisoner had any relationship with the Baring family, or that the Mr. Baring mentioned by the prisoner had anything to do with Baring Bros.

His Wife Would Explain.

The case for the prosecution having closed, the prisoner said he wished to call several witnesses to prove that the whole case was "simply maliciousness" on the part of people who tried to raise money on his "expectations." He also wanted to call his wife, who had seen Mr. Baring two or three times a week, and she would be able to say that he was alive, and why he refused to attend.

After it had been arranged that Mrs. Short should attend the court to-day the case was adjourned.



MISS WINIFRED RODGERS yesterday gave evidence at the trial of her brother, Frank Rodgers, for shooting his mother.—(Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

faltering answer, and then with a sob, "Mother had taken to drink."

His mother's drinking habits, the witness went on to state, had seemed to worry Frank a great deal. He was very fond of his mother.

"He was then his mother's particular favourite? queried Mr. Low.

"He was," replied the girl. "We used to always call him, 'mother's boy.' It was our nickname for him."

In reply to Mr. Williamson, Miss Rodgers stated



DR. BALDING, the presiding magistrate who yesterday committed the fifteen-year-old boy, Frank Rodgers, to the Cambridge Assizes.—(Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

WIFE'S LIFE OF TERROR.

A good-looking young woman, named Mrs. Blanche Ernestine Ashby, had a sad tale of married life to tell the President of the Divorce Court.

Almost directly after her marriage to Henry Moss Ashby in 1898, she said, her husband insisted on sleeping with a loaded revolver under his pillow.

When one night she was so frightened that she asked for a light her husband turned her out of the bedroom, and would not let her in again.

Almost as bad, if not worse than the loaded revolver, was the fact that her husband's weekly consumption of whisky amounted to eleven bottles.

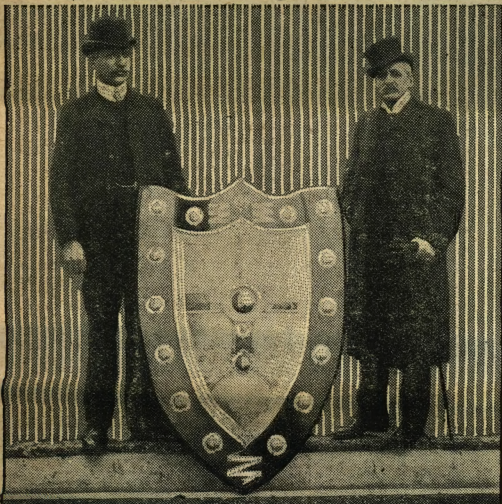
Unfaithfulness, as well as violence, having been proved against Mr. Ashby, a divorce was granted to his wife.

A SPECIAL "MIRROR" PHOTOGRAPHER ACCOMPANIES

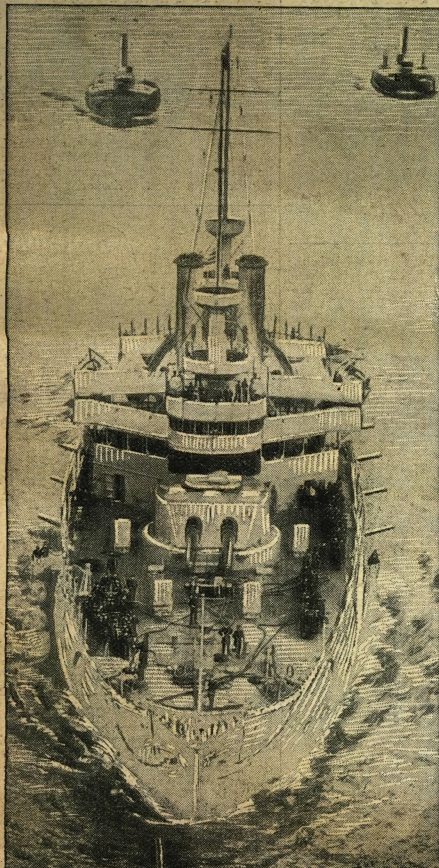
PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT A RACE MEETING



During their stay in Vienna the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the races at Friedenau. The Prince of Wales is wearing a uniform of the Austrian Army.



St. Patrick's Challenge Shield, the new trophy for the marksmen of the 2nd London Volunteer Infantry Brigade. The donor, Col. E. G. Lloyd, is on the right of the picture.



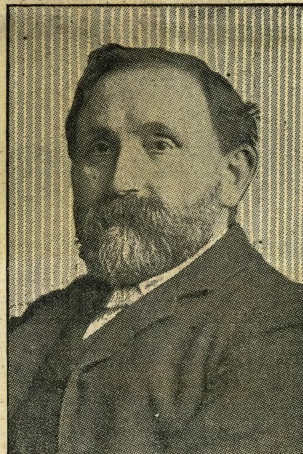
The American warship Illinois, one of the most up-to-date vessels in the Navy, which is representing American interests in the Far East.

KING AND QUEEN ARRIVE IN IRELAND



The King and Queen left London yesterday for their visit to Ireland. The royal yacht arrives at Kingstown, and the royal party once proceed to the Punchestown Races, which they will visit to-day and to-morrow.

TO-DAY'S BAPTIST MEETING.



Rev. John Wilson delivers his presidential address at the spring meeting of the Baptist Union in London to-day.

VISITED BY THE KING



Punchestown Racecourse, at Nass, a little town some twelve miles from Dublin, which the King and Queen will visit to-day and to-morrow. If the King wins the Derby, he will be the first monarch to do so.

KUROPATKIN'S DANGER.



General Kuropatkin, who has narrowly escaped assassination by two disguised Japanese.

A "MIRROR" SNAPSHOT.



The Hon. Mrs. W. Lowther sketching in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the carriage is her friend Mrs. Bryan.

THE ROYAL PARTY DURING THE IRISH VISIT.

THIS MORNING.



town at nine o'clock this morning, and their Majesties will at
will visit in state.

ING AND QUEEN TO-DAY.



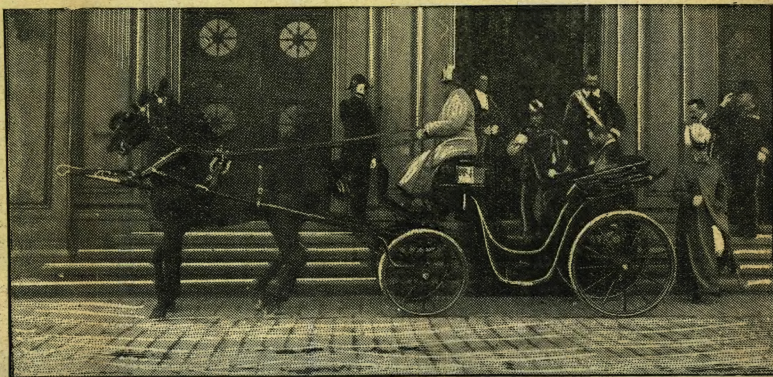
or three miles from Dublin, is to be visited in state by the King
Prince of Wales's Plate-to-day with his horse, Ambush II., there
wildest enthusiasm.

GREAT WESTERN MOTOR COACH.



The new steam motor coach, which is to be used on the Great
Western Railway between Westbourne Park Station and Southall.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN VIENNA.



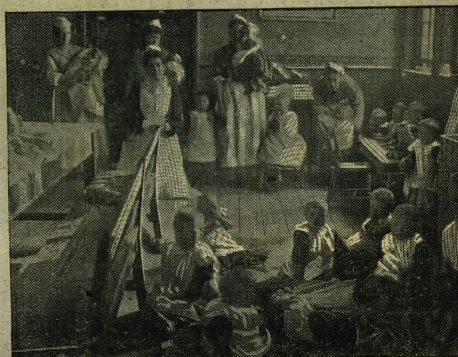
Prince and Princess of Wales leaving the Western Railway Station at Vienna on their way to
the Hofburg, the royal palace. They are accompanied by the Emperor of Austria and Prince
Adolphus of Teck, the Princess of Wales's brother.

A CLEVER PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN.



A type of Parisian beauty.—(Photo-
graph by Reutlinger, Rotary Photo-
graph Co.)

HAPPY WORKHOUSE BABIES.



The babies whose lot places them in Lewisham Work-
house are hardly to be pitied. They are clearly both
healthy and happy.

AMERICAN ACTRESS IN LONDON.



Miss Madge Lessing, the charming American comedy
actress, whose singing and dancing delight London
audiences.—(Photograph by Rotary Photograph Co.)

TO ENTERTAIN THE KING.



The Duke of Connaught, with whom
the King and Queen will dine to-
morrow in Dublin.

WHO SHOULD RULE IN MARRIAGE?

AT THE HEAD OF AFFAIRS

UGHT THE HUSBAND OR THE WIFE TO REIGN SUPREME?

"Let the wife have her way in all small things, the husband in all the great ones." It was a wise man who said that. Trifles do far more in making up the sum of a woman's happiness than men have any idea of, and if a woman is allowed her own way in petty, niggling details which a man doesn't trouble his head about she will resign all the larger issues into his hands with perfect satisfaction.

Besides, it is a sensible rule all round. When a man begins to meddle with small affairs, such as little domestic arrangements and insignificant things of that sort, good-bye to household peace.

where she does all the ruling she is tempted to rule too hard; rendered dizzy with her sudden elevation to the throne she exacts an obedience which makes her a little despot; she urges points which really do not matter in the least; she sacrifices vital interests to those that really might well be pushed aside.

The really happy household is that where there is no talk of ruling at all. Neither side struggles for the supremacy, neither wants to be king. There is a desire both in the husband and wife to give up to the wishes of the other. Each wants to consider the other first.

In households of this kind one does not hear "You must," "I insist," "But it shall be so, because I say so." Instead, one listens to such remarks as "Do as you like, dear," "What do you prefer?" "How do you like it?" These husbands and wives have learnt the secret of a happy home and of a happy life. They know that the really strong are they who can give up their own wills,

shun the yellows and browns, while green, whether of a delicate or strong tint, must also be banished from the list of possibilities.

Last of all comes the girl with auburn locks. Her dark yet glowing hair, pale olive complexion, and deep brown or black eyes are enough to give her strong claims to the title of a beauty, but her choice of suitable colour combinations is also most important. Colours of one tone are the best for her, and she may revel in the deep crimsons, dark browns, ivory white, or—if she must wear it—black.

If, however, she chooses this sombre hue she must also use a bit of white about her neck and wrists in order to make a contrast and to banish the usual appearance of the black. These hints should do much to assist the red-haired girl to realise her possibilities and live up to them, for often a few suggestions are all she needs to aid her in the pleasant duty of enhancing her natural charms and creating new ones.

panion from mud, if from no other assailant. In reply to your second question it is not smart to walk out arm-in-arm with a man, unless you are too weak to walk alone. Since women became so independent, the pretty old custom of walking so has been pronounced incorrect.

Nina's Dress Allowance.

"My mother says I must dress on fifty pounds a year," writes Nina. "I cannot possibly do so and look smart. It makes my life not worth living to have ugly frocks and to see other girls with pretty hats and things I can't afford."

Poor, poor girl, what suffering is yours! Do you know, I should like to read you such a lecture. You thoroughly deserve it. If I knew your mother, I should advise her to make your dress allowance £25 a year. There is no reason why you should have "ugly frocks" on so generous an allowance. I know girls who dress well on £20 a year. Learn to be thankful for what you have.

BOUDOIR ROBES AND COFFEE COATS MADE OF SOFT SILK, BATISTE, LACE, AND CREPE DE CHINE ARE VERY WELCOME POSSESSIONS.



[Specially drawn for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" by Miss Brooke-Alder.]



Any thin material, from the economical delaine to the extravagant crêpe de Chine would fashion the Empire wrap sketched on the left. Bands of Cluny lace edge the pleated collar and trim the big sleeves, while the one that is passed beneath the arms gives the robe its distinctive character.

Next in order, passing from left to right, comes a coffee coat of pale blue pleated silk, or batiste would equally well suffice, posed beneath a lace jacket fixed in front with a blue bow. The one that follows would develop exquisitely in mother-of-pearl satin, with a rich passementerie trimming of moonlight blue, silver, and gold, which any clever woman could embroider for herself. In both instances the throat is veiled with soft folds of white mousseline de soie, which add not a little to the grace of the scheme.

To complete the quartette, there is a dressing-gown of cream flannel with a border of cream silk spotted with cherry colour, but the design is so graceful that it would serve the more glorious purpose of rose pink silk, bordered with white silk dotted with sulphur.

There is no such terrible destroyer of harmony as the man who wants things according to his own ideas in the house, and in its economies; it is not his province and never can be, and his interference in it is fatal. As well might his wife attempt to conduct his business for him, or to settle learned matters in his profession. As for the great decisions of life, a woman has seldom the strength or the broad view necessary for making them. A man's experience and more comprehensive view give him a power she does not often possess.

Domestic Queens Should Prevail.

Then, again, all of us like our own way. It is part of human nature to do so. People who tell character from the hand say that the length of one joint of the thumb shows a desire for that sort of thing. If that is so, how many people have a short thumb joint. The person who doesn't like his or her own way must be about as rare as the black swan. It is a pretty universal failing, if failing it is.

Well, then, to obtain the desirable thing requires a little common-sense. The less valuable must be sacrificed to obtain the more valuable, just as the meaner parts of a cargo are thrown out to save the ship in a storm. If a woman is allowed the trifles she won't want to contest the important decisions; and if a man knows he is going to decide the great events he won't haggle over the minute details.

"I'll fare the house where the hen crows," says an old proverb. Those families where the wife does all the ruling are generally pitiable affairs. No less melancholy are the households where the man has everything his own way; and where he counts the pounds of dripping, and orders the dinners, and chooses the children's frocks. There is ill-will, and discontent, and temper in that household; and the man, though he may fancy he reigns triumphant, is not really king.

He generally fusses and worries and makes wholesale misery. He knows too much of what is going on, and his masculine mind is unable to grasp the situation with a proper balance where very minute trifles are concerned. As for the wife,

not those who struggle for their own way. They know that nothing so rubs and wears out love as the perpetual self-asserting friction of one will upon another, and that the cords of love rubbed thin are too apt to snap under the strains of everyday life. They know that love rules the household as nothing else can, and that the one who loves best holds the reins of government in his or her hands.

THE GIRL WITH RED HAIR

WHAT COLOURS IS SHE TO WEAR?

It has been asserted that the red-haired girl who understands the art of dressing may wear almost anything, and this statement may be true; but with some colours the skill of an artist is required in order that a happy result may be achieved.

The brown-eyed, red-haired girl usually possesses a clear, pale complexion. She should wear any of the many shades of golden brown shading into soft creamy tints, with even a little yellow or bright orange cleverly introduced to vary the monotony. Deep maroon, terra-cotta, sky-blue, and ecru may all be used with excellent results, while, of course, black is always considered advisable.

The blue-eyed maiden with auburn locks and a high colouring has a more difficult task before her. Blues and browns are most unbecoming, and anything very decided is apt to make such a violent contrast that the effect is far from pleasing. She must learn, therefore, that soft tints, such as mauve, fawn, and delicate greys will always let the colourings that will best suit her particular style.

Perhaps the most difficult task of all in choosing her colours appertains to the damsel with sandy hair. She may wear any shade of blue, black and white, deep plum, and cream colour, but she must

OUR CONFESSION ALBUM

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO ARE IN DOUBT.

The Editress of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* is delighted to answer any questions concerning etiquette, and to throw the light of reason upon heart troubles. She asks those who seek counsel from her to address letters to the Editress, the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

Shall She Name the Day?

"I am in an absurd quandary," "Rosalind" writes from Leicester, "which may develop into a tragedy unless you can help me."

"I proposed to a man who, I was sure, cared deeply for me, but was too shy to say so, on February 29. He accepted me with alacrity, and all was well. But since that day he has never broached the subject of our marriage, and I want to know if you think he is waiting for me to name the happy day, or if I should ask him to do so. The suspense is terrible. Please reply."

Really, "Rosalind," I am sorry for you, but you have brought all this upon yourself. As you screwed up courage to propose to him, I expect you will not have much further difficulty about screwing it up once more, in order to ask him to name the day. It is an absurd position. I wonder whether many other girls are suffering in the same way? I don't think women ought to propose even in Leap Year.

A Pretty Fashion Dismissed.

"I should like to ask you," says Emily (Putney), "on which side of a girl a man should walk. Some of my friends say one thing, and some another. Also whether it is correct to walk out arm-in-arm with one's fiancé?"

The man should always take the outside of the path, in order that he may protect his com-

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PEOPLE WITH "DOUBLES."

Disagreeable and Humorous Incidents Caused Through Striking Resemblances.

It has been said that everyone has his or her double, and certainly Miss Edna May, to judge from her recent experience, is suffering from this annoyance.

According to the statement of the famous "Belle of New York," a mysterious young woman is impersonating her, and has been doing so for the past five and a half years, with the result that Miss Edna May is constantly receiving letters from gentlemen with whom the mysterious "double" has flirted, borrowed money, and apparently delightfully deceived.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has a "double," who admits that the likeness has led to some amusing mistakes. On one occasion the "double" formed one of a deputation at the National Liberal Club to ask a member to be a candidate for the Middlesex County Council, and on his being pointed out the "double" went up to him and was thus greeted, much to his surprise:

"Excuse me, O'Connor, I have a deputation waiting for me."

Matters were explained, and the would-be member was told that he was not the first to make a similar mistake.

But judge of the "double's" surprise when, stammering into the reading-room a little later, he, slapped on the back and to hear the same member say:—

"O'Connor, your 'double' is in the club. I took him for you a minute ago." Front and back views had equally deceived him.

Started Journalist.

A journalist of some repute was once taken for the Duke of Argyll, then the Marquis of Lorne.

The Marquis was opening a bazaar in a small country town, and the journalist had occasion to leave the hall. Hardly had he got outside when a terrific cheer was raised, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and cries of "There he is!" rent the air. In a moment a passage was made for the journalist, and a band that was waiting struck up the National Anthem. The journalist fled. There is a case recorded of a man who was identified and executed as the perpetrator of a robbery which was afterwards confessed to by another, his eyes being shut and on several occasions persons have been sworn to by witnesses as having been seen by them engaged in committing murder, the parties subsequently proved guilty having been as like them "as one pea to another."

Master and Man.

An amusing mistake as regards a "double" comes from Bolton. A certain manufacturer, owing to the plainness of his habits, was known as "Owd Tummy." During an election some of the men used to monopolise a little of their master's time, after the engine had started, discussing the topics of the election.

On one occasion party feeling had got very high when "Owd Tummy" suddenly appeared on the scene. This caused a general clearance. Amongst these men was one known as "Owd Harry the Warper," who was the very image of the "boss" in every respect. One of the men passing through the warehouse shortly afterwards saw what he thought was "Owd Harry" again at the morning paper.

Going up to him, he snatched him on the back, and exultantly exclaimed, "I say, mate, Owd Tummy 'ud like to catch us." Imagine the man's feelings when "Owd Tummy" himself turned his eyes off the paper.

Of quite a different experience was that of a man with the loss of the right eye. Waiting in King's Cross Station one day he was surrounded by two policemen and three detectives, one of whom asked him if his name was Blair. He said it was not, and gave his proper name and address. They left him staring after them from amazed.

He asked a railway policeman near the meaning of it, and was told they were after a man who was blind of the right eye, about the same age, and who resembled the other in every way. The charge was one of forgery.

When the train came in the lady whom the gentleman had mistaken for his wife was surrounded, and the same questions were put to her in the gentleman's presence as to his name and address. After a time they were allowed to go, and nothing further was heard of the incident.

Reflections.

Several speakers in the Aliens Bill debate harped upon the fact that many of the foreigners whom we find such unwelcome guests, fly to England either to avoid persecution or because they cannot make a living so easily elsewhere. On these accounts the defenders of alien-dumping contend that we ought to receive gladly everyone who chooses to come. But why, even in the cause of charity, should we make the problem of decent living more difficult for our own people? Charity ought to begin at home.

If we had plenty of room here, and plenty of work for all comers, we might be content to receive any number of refugees, trusting to British air to make them cleaner morally as well as physically. But it is reasonable, in the congested state both of our great cities and of the labour market, to ask us to welcome all the unwashed, uncivilised aliens who have been turned out of other countries? No, it certainly is not reasonable, and before long a much more severe measure of exclusion will have to be passed. The present Bill does not go nearly far enough.

Are we to go on to Lhasa? Special correspondents are already saying the natives would be glad to see us there. In spite of Mr. Balfour's declaration that he would regard an advance into the heart of Tibet as a terrible misfortune, the expedition will soon be on its way to the "forbidden city." Last week Colonel Younghusband received a letter from the Tibetan authorities.

The courier who brought it states that there is little excitement or dismay in Lhasa at the prospect of a British advance, since the Tibetans know, after their experience of the moderation and friendliness we have exercised hitherto, that no harm will be done to them.

It may be a good thing to go to Lhasa. Possibly to the men on the spot there is no

other course open. But what a pity the men on the spot and the politicians at home cannot manage to tell the same story! No wonder foreigners talk about "perfidious Albion."

The complete story of the marriage of the French convict sentenced to exile in Cayenne is full of romance. The wife he has been allowed to marry, although she is now in a humble position, belongs to a noble family, and is a woman of great personal charm. It was for love of her that the convict sinned. He stole to provide her with a home. So it was only fair that she should throw in her lot with him when he had to pay the penalty. She will join him in Cayenne, and together they will turn over the new leaf on which they hope to find the recipe for a comfortable and honourable life.

The shortest way to a reduction of taxes at home is to federate the Empire and make the Colonies pay their fair share of the expenses of Imperial Defence. That is one of the many morals which the Hon. T. A. Brasse, enforces in "Problems of Empire" (issued this week by A. L. Humphreys, 6s.). He sees that we cannot go on as we are. Parliament has far too much to do. It cannot attend properly either to Imperial or local affairs. "Home Rule all round" is the only remedy. The statesmen who make that their programme, says Mr. Brasse, have the future in their hands.

"Two meals a day," says H. B., writing from St. James's-street, with reference to the over-eating controversy, "ought to be enough for anybody. When I lived in Central France, I found that very few people took more than a cup of black coffee or a glass of red wine before déjeuner at eleven o'clock. Nor did they have anything between déjeuner and half-past six dinner. Yet they worked hard and enjoyed life more than most English people I know. At the same time I admit that I get more hungry in England than I did abroad. I wonder why?"

OUR SERIAL.

Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

CHAPTER XVI. A Bitter Blow.

Outside Janet's bedroom window in Mrs. Ross's flat the snow was falling. February had brought the first real touch of winter; the bare branches of the trees were shivering forlornly in Kensington Gardens.

More than a month had passed since that sordid drama had been played to a finish in the grim Old Bailey—or, was it not rather only an act, Janet asked herself wearily, that had closed? It was only on the stage where the curtain fell finally; in life there were always loose threads left hanging; there were only interludes—and the curtain would rise again. The law had stepped in and granted her a divorce of two years, a divorce that was her wife again. But that did not sponge the slate clean, could not undo the consequences of her marriage. Her life could never be the same; everything was changed.

The frost on her window made her think of last January, and Yorkshire. There would be skating in Yorkshire. Last January there had been a snow's continuous frost. Nearly every morning she and her sister had hurried off with their skates directly after breakfast; perhaps Ethel would be going skating this morning. She remembered how she had almost to drag Ethel out of bed by force, as that they could get off early, whilst, once on the ice, her sister would express the most spirited resolutions to get up at six the next morning. It was strange to look back—only a year ago—and realise that all this belonged to a closed chapter of her life. Perhaps she would never see Hethersett again. They did not want her in Hethersett. She rose and dressed listlessly; then walked to the room where the breakfast was laid; her aunt had not yet left her bedroom. A letter lay by her aunt's plate. A glance told Janet that it was from her mother, and for a moment her heart leapt. Was it a letter asking her to go home? It had written her so deeply that since her marriage her mother had never suggested that she should go back to them.

How much she longed to go back to Yorkshire—to be taken back, not on sufferance, but on the old loving terms. Never in her life as now had she felt the need of love and sympathy so much—love in full measure, brimming over. Perhaps this letter was to ask her at last to go home; surely they must feel that they had punished her enough.

Her aunt came into the room and kissed her; perhaps it was only Janet's ultra-sensitiveness that detected always a certain constraint in her aunt's manner now. Mrs. Ross cast a glance at the letter by her plate, but she adhered to her rule of never opening a letter till breakfast was over.

"The frost must have been very keen," she said, as she poured out the coffee. "I found the water frozen in my bedroom this morning. I wonder if there is any skating on the Round Pond." If there is, I expect you would like to go, my dear?

Mrs. Ross's face wore a look of concern. Janet needed something to take her out of herself; she was sinking into a low, nervously morbid state. What a pity they could not have guessed that recently husband and wife of any sense of natural duty. Whilst I forgive my daughter all the pain she has

written asking Janet's mother to let Ethel come on a visit. Janet needed sympathy and society then. Probably this letter would tell them when they might expect Ethel. She felt rather tempted to break through her rule and open it.

For Janet breakfast seemed an endless affair that morning; she was consumed with desire to know why her mother had written to her aunt—for Mrs. Ross had not told her of her invitation to Ethel, preferring to wait until it was accepted. Once she would not have hesitated to ask her aunt to read it quickly, and to tell her the news. She could not do that now. Something had gone out of the old intimate relations that had once existed between her aunt and herself.

Breakfast went on at last. Her aunt rose and went into the drawing-room, letter in hand. Janet followed. She busied herself in stirring the fire; she picked up a book and made a pretence of reading; but the effort to distract her attention was a failure. She could not keep her eyes from her aunt, standing by the window with the open letter. Mrs. Ross's face changed a little as she read it; she looked out of the window thoughtfully for a moment or two before speaking. Janet's eyes read these little signs; a blank feeling came over her; she knew that she had built her hopes on sand.

"Oh, your mother sends her love, Janet," said Mrs. Ross, divining the girl's expectant attitude. But she did not offer to show Janet the letter, as ordinarily she would have done. She added rather hurriedly: "Shall we get ready to go out, Janet? I think the snow is actually ceasing."

"Then there is no news of home in your letter, aunt?" Janet asked.

"There was a look of wistful, a peal in the sad eyes that went to her aunt's heart. How much she wished that there had been something in that letter to cheer Janet. She tried to force a smile.

"No, my dear, I don't think there is. There seldom is much news in your mother's letters."

Janet did not reply. She turned and walked to her dressing-room, finding herself on her bed.

"Oh, I can't bear it—I can't bear it!" she told herself passionately. "I ought never to have come back here; I ought to have stayed away from them all, as they wanted!"

What was in that letter? Why had her mother written it? Janet had seen the embarrassed look in her aunt's face as she questioned her. She must end this torture of suspense; she must go to her aunt and ask to see the letter. Janet rose and bathed her burning face. As she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the glass, she told herself that her mother and Ethel would hardly know her now.

Mrs. Ross was not in the drawing-room. As Janet entered she heard her aunt's voice in the kitchen talking to Martha. The little invalid bureau was open, and on it Janet saw her mother's letter lying—undisturbed, as though it had never been interrupted in the midst of answering the letter from Hethersett at once.

The letter lay at her mercy. Janet scarcely hesitated, scarcely tried to resist the temptation. Perhaps her aunt would refuse to let her see it; she waited for permission. She would read it at once, and tell her aunt she had read it. As she took her mother's letter from the bureau her eyes fell on the few lines Mrs. Ross had begun to write in pencil:

"I cannot say that your letter is altogether a surprise to me, only I am sorry at your decision that

caused me, she can never be the same to me again. The problem of her future is sorely exercising me now. For the same reason that I cannot allow Ethel to go up to London to stay with you now, I cannot ask Janet to come to me here; I fear so greatly her influence on Ethel, if the two should be thrown together again—it would break my heart if my youngest daughter added further to the disgrace on the family, though that I believe is impossible in Ethel's case. I think if Janet could find some post as governess—preferably abroad, where, perhaps, much of this shameful story might be kept a secret—it would be the happiest solution. Janet, of course, cannot expect to remain a burden on the family, but she must meanwhile have Ethel with you. My misguided daughter might come to Hethersett, until such a post could be found; it will be difficult, I fear.

"You may give her my love—I should not like her to think me unforgiving—your affectionate sister, Mary Desborough."

Janet read the letter through, and let it fall back on the desk.

Her mother had written that letter. It seemed incredible—but her mother had written it. She paced the room slowly, as though the very intensity of her pain had dulled her emotions. She could hardly realise what she had read. If she had been some unrepentant Magdalen, her mother could not have written with more virtuous severity. She was no fit associate for Ethel; her mother had written that.

She had known they were angry with her; she had felt there was a change in her aunt's manner; but she had not realised that her anger would so later must pass. She had never dreamed that they looked upon her as soiled, degraded.

"I am not a wicked woman; I was only weak, foolish; I drifted," she told herself fiercely. "I am still the same Janet—except that I am so sad and tired, so sad and tired! I am still the same Janet; if they could only see into my heart—would all the world be to be once again the happy girl who sat and dreamed foolish dreams in that old garden. And they'll never understand that—never! They think I've grown deceitful, heartless, vile—they'll never understand!"

She sat down on the settee and buried her face in her hands.

A light touch on her shoulder roused her from the absorption of her grief. She had not heard her aunt's approach. "Janet, my dear, my dear; what is it?"

She sprang up and confronted her aunt.

"I have been reading my mother's letter. I came intending to ask you to show it to me. I saw it on your desk and I read it. It is the sort of thing to be expected of me, I suppose."

"Sit down, my dear," said Mrs. Ross gently, drawing the excited girl down to the couch beside her. "I am sorry you saw the letter; I am sorry the letter was written. You must make allowances, my dear, for the great shock this has been to your mother—your secret marriage and all that followed the marriage. Her anger—"

"Her letter expresses more to me than anger. I could have endured that—I deserved it. I did wrong; I know that. I deceived you—I deserved all your anger. But it is more than anger in her letter, it is contempt—the suggestion that I have sinned beyond redemption, have brought disgrace on you all," she cried, starting to her feet.

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Ross in a manner frightened by Janet's outburst. Her month had hardened, her eyes glittered feverishly, her hands were clenched.

"Because I was a foolish, weak girl—wicked, if you like—who has wrecked her life, my mother, from whom if from anyone I should expect sympathy, speaks as though I were a tainted thing, morally tainted—tainted vile for sister to associate with again! My mother says that's not, my judge, not my mother!"

"Make allowance for her anger," pleaded Mrs. Ross. "In time—"

Will time ever make me forget this? Oh, if I had a daughter like she had wrecked her life as I have wrecked mine, I don't think I don't think I could have acted so towards her! I don't

think," the girl cried passionately, "knowing how much she must be hungering for love and sympathy, for the stress of two loving years from the one person from whom of all the world she has a right to expect it—I don't think, I say, that I should have stood aloof from her in her grief. I don't think I should have paused to remember the disgrace she brought on my name by marrying a man, as, though I did not know it, she was only a girl, I believe I should have forgotten all that, in my love and eagerness to comfort her, to help her to piece together again her broken life! Oh, I don't think I should have uttered one reproach! My mother never loved me as she loved Ethel; I have always known that, though I have tried not to let the knowledge hurt me, but I did think she had a little love for me—"

She paused, with a break in her voice. Mrs. Ross would have spoken, only she could find no words of comfort. Janet sank wearily on to the couch, and rocked herself to and fro; her face was wet and hard; there was agony in her eyes. Oh, if she could only cry! Dear God, if she could only cry! She felt she would go mad if she did not cry.

The girl's bitter grief moved the other woman as the sight of no grief had ever moved her. The great waters had gone over her soul—and in years she was only a girl yet, hardly a woman.

Perhaps at that moment Margaret Ross was telling herself accusingly that she herself, although she had tried to be kind, might have been so much more sympathetic.

Her arms stole round the girl; she laid her wet cheek against the flushed, burning face.

"Janet, my poor child, my poor child!" she whispered, feeling how weak and futile the words were in the presence of this passionate grief. But there was a magic in the sympathy that underlay them, and, under the hard, dry eyes came the healing touch of tears. Janet sobbed as though her heart would break.

Presently, "How good you have been to me," Janet said, trying to conquer her sobs, "but I shall not trespass on your kindness any longer—"

"Trespass? Why should I care, my dear child? What do you mean? Of course you will stay with me."

Janet shook her head.

"No. Thank you for saying it, but I see now—oh, so clearly, that once I had made that fatal mistake which estranged you all, I was only adding another mistake on the top of it in coming back. But I shall always remember your kindness."

"But, Janet, what do you mean?" in quick alarm.

"Don't think that in what I am going to say is a reproach. It is no reproach—it was only natural: but since I came back I have realised that our old relationship was dead, impossible. No, I am going away to fight my own battle alone. I have made my bed—I gave a little laugh—'well, I shall lie on it.' I am going to the one thing left to me—the stage."

"No, no! Stay and be my daughter, Janet—always my dear daughter!"

For a moment the girl wavered. A choice of alternatives lay before her. She must choose now finally. On the one side was knowledge for her aunt, her gratitude; but the old relationship was impossible; a shadow had come between them; they could never be the same again to each other. And she had paid down in suffering so heavy a price for her ambitions of the stage—so heavy a price.

Only for a moment did she hesitate; then made her choice.

"I must go away," she said in a steady voice, looking past her aunt into the fire. "I must go away. Even if I were to stay a little while here, sooner or later I should go. I feel that. I dare not have too much time to think of my own life, of my own life to live, to think of. I shall always remember gratefully, lovingly—and her voice broke a little—"your sympathy to-day. But for good or evil, I have made my choice!"

To be continued to-morrow.

SURGERY AND MORALS.

Strange Instances of Illness
Stimulating Wrong-doing.

There is under remand, by order of the North London magistrate, a boy named Walters, who is charged with stealing lead from the roof of a house at Tottenham.

His father raised the novel defence that the boy had had an attack of enteric fever. Until then he had borne an exemplary character, but after being discharged from hospital his character, the father said, has changed.

According to the opinion of one well-known M.D. it is possible for the character of an individual to be changed by illness, or by surgery.

"I could," he said to the *Mirror* reporter yesterday, "give you several instances to confirm my assertion, but I have no doubt a couple will suffice. Some time ago in London a boy of good family developed strangely brutal instincts.

"He was carefully examined by a clever colleague of mine, and after some time he thought he had located the seat of trouble. He was doubtful on the point, but resolved to experiment.

"My colleague removed a piece of the skull, and thus relieved the deforming pressure. Now, that boy is a normal and lovable child.

"The other case," continued the doctor, "was one in which a soldier in one of the Highland regiments bore a splendid character. He had received all his marks, and at about the time he stood an excellent chance of promotion he took part in a skirmish with his regiment in the South African war.

"He sustained an injury to the brain, and soon afterwards he developed an extraordinary propensity for theft. That man would steal anything he could for no earthly reason. It was decided to perform an operation on the brain, and when he recovered he was entirely cured."

A West End doctor explained to the *Mirror* representative that men of good character can be considerably changed by certain kinds of affliction. In most cases the seat of trouble is the brain, and doctors invariably commence investigations there. Instances of accidents causing this change, the physician added, are much more frequent than cases of ordinary illness, although both will sometimes cause an honest, straightforward, open man to degenerate into a thief, whose cunning is deeper than that of many an ordinary scamp. Surgery, however, has worked wonders.

THE CITY.

Gilt-Edged Stocks "Sticky," but
Home Rails Strong.

It was the last day of the account in the ordinary markets, and the markets in gilt-edged stocks yesterday, and naturally the force of circumstances was somewhat against general business, though the professional investors seized the opportunity to give Kaffirs a fillip for their new account, and a good deal of Chinese labour prospects. It was noticeable that the speculative account open showed very little increase on last time. In Westralians there seemed to be a shortage of shares in several cases, and the tendency was better, but West Africans remained dull.

Gilt-edged stocks were rather sticky, as the monthly carry-over in Consols approaches, and pending the result of the Indian Government loan applications. There is vague talk of further new gilt-edged issues, but little that is definite.

A pleasing feature was the strength of the Home Rail way market on the eve of the carry-over, which looks as though the rise may make some further progress. Great Westerns, Midlands, the Scottish stocks, and Brighton "A" were all good, and the last named on the traffic being better than expectations.

The American market hangs fire, continuing to adjust itself to the New York market, and remaining pessimistic about the crop position and exports of gold to France. Canadian Rails were depressed, owing to the Grand Trunk having a poor traffic, and showing only a trifling increase. Argentine Rails were steady, and a good deal of interest was taken in the rise in the value of Argentine land, referred to in the report of one of the land companies. There was a sharp fall in silver, due to the sales by speculators, but it had no influence upon Mexican Rails. The Mexican Southern pays 2½ per cent. per annum dividend.

Foreigners hang fire, and, in fact, closed rather dull, and this was attributable to the expectations of the new Russian loan taxing resources on the Continent.

Some recovery in Hudson's Bays and the depression of Nelsons shares, on the disastrous report, were two of the features of the Miscellaneous section.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

Consols 2½ per cent. 88½	Wellsbach Ord. 8
Do Account. 88½	Anglo-French. 63 4
India 3 per cent. 95½	Assam G. M. 24 2
London C. C. 3 per cent. 91½	Barrato Cons. 24 2
Argentine Fund 1002	Chas. River Cons. 24 2
Brazilian 4 per cent. 1002	Chartered Cons. 24 2
Chinese 5 per cent. 1002	City & Sub. 61 7
Egyptian United 1002	Consolidated Pers. 24 2
Jap. Gov. 4½ per cent. 91	Crown Ref. 103 10
Russian 4 per cent. 1002	De Beers Cons. 101 10
Spanish 4 per cent. 82½	East Rand. 74 4
Turkish 4 per cent. 82½	R. Rand. M. Est. 41 4
Brighton Def. 117½	Getuld. 60 6
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Nelson's. 140	Wessan. 71 7
Sweetman Auto. 131	Welgedach. 71 7
Vickers, Maxim. 143	Zambesi Explor. 11 11

STREET PREACHERS.

Mr. Plowden's Advice to a Per-
sistent Preacher.

The recent spell of fine weather has marked the commencement of the street-preaching season in London. In two instances the police arrested preachers on Saturday night for causing an obstruction and refusing to go away when requested to do so.

One of the offenders, an Evangelist named Cornelius Edward Porter, who had caused a large crowd to assemble at the corner of a street in Edgware-road, was brought before Mr. Plowden at Marylebone yesterday. His only desire, he told the magistrate, was to preach the Gospel.

Mr. Plowden: But an obstruction must follow when a crowd collects. Other people don't want to hear your services. If you can get everyone in the streets to listen, all right; but you will always find there are several who don't. If you are brought here again you will have to find sureties.

Porter: If I can put down the drink traffic by being put in chains all my life I am quite willing.

Mr. Plowden: Well, if you do go into the high-ways and hedges and compel them to come in, you will be compelled to come in yourself. You are discharged now.

A similar case was heard by Mr. Garrett, the South-Western magistrate. One of Mr. Kensit's Wycliffe preachers who had been found addressing a crowd of 250 persons in Wurttemberg-street, Clapham, and had refused to go away, was bound over to keep the peace, the magistrate recommending him to go in future to the open spaces.

INEXPLICABLE CRIME.

John Powell, a farmer, of Tarrington, near Ledbury, was charged yesterday with shooting his cousin, Ada Meek, a single woman, at Sollars Court Farm.

The solicitor for the prosecution alleged that, when Powell was arrested, he acknowledged shooting the deceased, and said: "My poor woman is there doing all the work, so I have put an end to it. My wife is as good as gold." Mr. Beauchamp, for the defence, pointed out the entire absence of motive. It was proved all lived happily together, and Miss Meek was paid a weekly sum by Powell for living in the same house. Powell was committed for trial on the charge of murder.

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